



CHAPTER I.

The Young Lady From Philadelphia. Miss Enid Maitland was a highly specialized product of the far east. I say far, viewing Colorado as a point of departure, not as identifying her with the orient. The classic shades of Bryn Mawr had been the "Groves of Academus" where with old Plato she had walked. Incidentally during her completion of the exhaustive curriculum of that justly famous institution she had acquired at least a bowing acquaintance with other masters of the mind.

Nor had the physical in her education been sacrificed to the mental. In her at least the mens sana and the corpore sano were alike in evidence. She had ridden to hounds many times on the antiseptic trail of the West Chester Hunt! Exciting tennis and leisurely golf had engaged her attention on the courts and greens of the Merion Cricket club. She had buffeted "Old Ocean's" gray and melancholy waste" on the beach at Cape May and at Atlantic City.

Spiritually she was a devoted member of the Episcopal church, of the variety that abhors the word "Protestant" in connection therewith. Altogether she reflected great credit upon her pastors and masters spiritual and temporal and her upbringing in the three departments of life left little to be desired.

Upon her graduation she had been at once received and acclaimed by the "Assembly Set" of Philadelphia, to which indeed she belonged unquestioned by right of birth and position—and there was no other power under heaven by which she could have effected entrance therein, at least that is what the outs thought of that most exclusive circle. The old home of the Maitlands overlooking Rittenhouse Square had been the scene of her debut. In all the refined and decorous gaieties of Philadelphia's ultra-fastidious society she had participated. She had even looked upon money standardized New York in its delirium of extravagance, at least in so far as a sedate and well-born Philadelphia family could countenance such golden madness. During the year she had ranged like a conqueror—pardon the masculine appellation—between Palm Beach in the south and Bar Harbor in the north. Philadelphia was proud of her, and she was not unknown in those unfortunate parts of the United States which lay without.

In all this she had remained a frank, free, unspoiled young woman. Life was full of zest for her, and she enjoyed it with the most un-Pennsylvania enthusiasm.

The second summer after her coming out found her in Colorado. Robert Maitland was one of the big men of the west. He had departed from Philadelphia at an early age and had settled in Colorado while it was still in the formative period. There he had grown up with the state. The Philadelphia Maitlands could never under-

stand it or explain it. Bob Maitland must have been, they argued, a reversion to an ancient type, a throwback to some robber baron long antecedent to William Penn. And the speculation was true. The blood of some lawless adventurer of the past, discreetly forgotten by the conservative section of the family, bubbled in his veins unchecked by the repressive atmosphere of his home and immediate environment.

He had thoroughly identified himself with his new surroundings and had plunged into all the activities of the west. During one period of his life he had actually served as sheriff of one of the border counties, and it was a rapid "bad man" indeed, who enjoyed any advantage over him when it came to drawing his "gun." His skill and daring had been unquestioned, he had made a name for himself which still abides, especially in the mountains where things yet remained almost as primitive as they had been from the beginning.

His fame had been accompanied by fortune, too; the cattle upon a thousand hills were his, the treasures of mines of fabulous richness were at his command. He lived in Denver in one of the greatest of the bonanza palaces on the hills of that city, confronting the snow-capped mountain range. For the rest he held stock in all sorts of corporations, was a director in numerous concerns and so on—the reader can supply the usual catalogue, they are all alike. He had married late in life and was the father of two little girls and a boy, the oldest sixteen and the youngest ten.

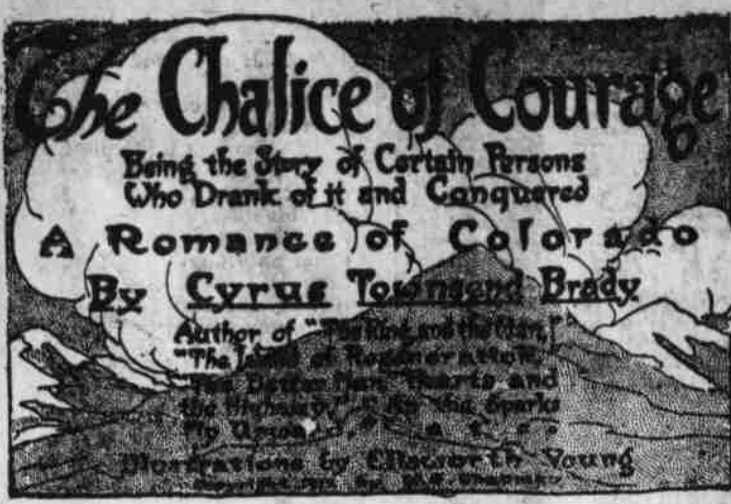
Going east, which he did not love, on an infrequent business trip, he had renewed his acquaintance with his brother and the one ewe lamb of his brother's flock, to-wit, the aforementioned Enid. He had been struck, as everybody was, by the splendid personality of the girl and had striven earnestly to disabuse her mind of the prevalent idea that there was nothing much worth while on the continent beyond the Allegheny except scenery.

"What you need, Enid, is a ride across the plains, a sight of real mountains, beside which these little foothills in Pennsylvania that people back here make so much of wouldn't be noticed. You want to get some of the spirited, glorious freedom of the west into your conservative straight-laced little body."

"In my day, Robert," reprovingly remarked his brother, Enid's father, "freedom was the last thing a young lady gently born and delicately nurtured would have coveted."

"Your day is passed, Steve," returned the younger Maitland with shocking carelessness. "Freedom is what every woman desires now, especially when she is married. You are not in love with anybody, are you, Enid?"

"With not a soul," frankly replied the girl, greatly amused at the colloquy between the two men, who, though mothered by the same woman, were as dissimilar as—what shall I



say, the east is from the west? Let it go at that.

"That's all right," said her uncle, relieved apparently. "I will take you out west and introduce you to some real men and—"

"If I thought it possible," interposed Mr. Stephen Maitland in his most austere and dignified manner, "that my daughter, with a perceptible emphasis on the 'my,' as if he and not the daughter were the principal being under consideration, 'should ever so far forget what belongs to her station in life and her family as to allow her affections to become engaged by any one who, from his birth and upbringing in the er—unhallowed atmosphere of the western country would be persona non grata to dignified society of this ancient city and—"

"Nonsense," interrupted the younger Robert bluntly. "You have lived here wrapped up in yourselves and your dinky little town so long that mental asphyxiation is threatening you."

"I will thank you, Robert," said his brother with something approaching the manner in which he would have repelled a blasphemy, "not to refer to Philadelphia as—er—what was your most extraordinary word?"

"Dinky," if my recollection serves."

"Ah, precisely. I am not sure as to the meaning of the term, but I conceive it to be something opprobrious. You can say what you like about me and mine, but of Philadelphia, no."

"Oh, the town's right enough," returned his brother, not at all impressed. "I'm talking about people now. There are just as fine men and women in the west as in New York or Philadelphia."

"I am sure you don't mean to be offensive, Robert, but really the association of ideas in your mention of us with that common and vulgar New York is er—un—pleasant," fairly shuddered the elder Maitland.

"I'm only urging you to recognize the quality of the western people. I dare say they are of a finer type than the average here."

"From your standpoint, no doubt," continued his brother severely, and somewhat wearily as if the matter were not worth all this argument. "All that I want of them is that they stay in the west where they belong and not strive to mingle with the east; there is a barrier between us and them which it is not well to cross. To permit any intermixtures of er—race or—"

"The people out there are white, Steve," interrupted his brother dominically. "I wasn't contemplating introducing Enid here to Chinese, or negroes, or Indians, or—"

"Don't you see," said Mr. Stephen Maitland, stubbornly waving aside this sarcastic and irrelevant comment, "from your very conversation the vast gulf that there is between you and me? Although you had every advantage in life that birth can give you, we are—I mean you have changed so greatly," he had quickly added, loathe to offend.

But he mistook the light in his brother's eyes; it was a twinkle, not a flash. Robert Maitland laughed, laughed with what his brother conceived to be indecorous boisterousness.

"How little you know of the bone and sinew of this country, Steve," he exclaimed presently. Robert Maitland could not comprehend how it irritated his stately brother to be called "Steve." Nobody ever spoke of him but as Stephen Maitland. "But Lord, I don't blame you," continued the westerner. "Any man whose vision is barred by a foothill couldn't be expected to know much of the main range and what's beyond."

"There isn't any danger of my falling in love with anybody," said Enid at last, with all the confidence of two triumphant social seasons. "I think I must be immune even to dukes," she said gaily.

"I referred to worthy young Americans of—" began her father who, to do him justice, was so satisfied with his own position that no foreign title dazzled him in the least degree.

"Rittenhouse Square," cut in Robert Maitland with amused sarcasm. "Well, Enid, you seem to have run the gamut of the east pretty thoroughly; come out and spend the summer with me in Colorado. My Denver house is open to you; we have a ranch amid the foothills, or if you are game we can break away from civilization entirely and find some unexplored, unknown canon in the heart of the mountains and camp there. We'll get back to nature, which seems to be impossible in Philadelphia, and you will see things and learn things that you will never see or learn anywhere else. It'll do you good, too; from what I hear, you have been going the pace and those cheeks of yours are a little too pale for so splendid a girl; you look too tired under the eyes for youth and beauty."

"I believe I am not very fit," said the girl, "and if father will permit—"

"Of course, of course," said Stephen Maitland, "you are your own mistress anyway, and having no mother—"

Enid's mother had died in her infancy—"I suppose that I could not interfere or object if I wished to, but no marrying or giving in marriage. Remember that."

"Nonsense, father," answered the young woman lightly. "I am not anxious to assume the bonds of wedlock."

"Well, that settles it," said Robert Maitland. "We'll give you a royal good time. I must run up to New York and Boston for a few days, but I shall be back in a week and I can pick you up then."

"What is the house in Denver; is it er—may I ask, provided with all modern conveniences and—"

Robert Maitland laughed. "What do you take us for, Steve; do you ever read the western newspapers?"

"I confess that I have not given much thought to the west since I studied geography and—the Philadelphia papers have been thought sufficient for the family since—"

"Good Lord," exclaimed Maitland. "The house cost half a million dollars, if you must know it, and if there



He Crushed Her to Him and Kissed Her.

is anything that modern science can contribute to comfort and luxury that isn't in it, I don't know what it is. Shall it be the house in Denver, or the ranch, or a real camp in the wilds, Enid?"

"First the house in Denver," said Enid, "and then the ranch and then the mountains."

"Right-O; that shall be the program."

"Will my daughter's life be perfectly safe from the cowboys, Indians and desperadoes?"

"Quite safe," answered Robert, with deep gravity. "The cowboys no longer shoot up the city and it has been years since the Indians have held up even a trolley car. The only real desperado in my acquaintance is the mildest gentle old stage driver in the west."

"Do you keep up an acquaintance with men of that class still?" asked his brother in great surprise.

"You know I was sheriff in a border county for a number of years, and—"

"But you must surely have withdrawn from all such society now."

"Out west," said Robert Maitland, "when we know a man and like him, when we have slept by him on the plains, ridden with him through the mountains, fought with him against some border terror, some bad man threatening to kill, we don't forget him, we don't cut his acquaintance, and it doesn't make any difference whether the one or the other of us is rich or poor. I have friends who can't frame a grammatical sentence, who habitually eat with their knives, yet who are absolutely devoted to me and I to them. The man is the thing out there." He smiled and turned to Enid. "Always excepting the supremacy of woman," he added.

"How fascinating!" exclaimed the girl. "I want to go there right away."

And this was the train of events which wrought the change. Behold the young lady astride of a horse for the first time in her life in a divided skirt, that fashion prevalent elsewhere but not having been accepted by the best equestriennes of Philadelphia. She was riding ahead of a lumbering mountain wagon surrounded by other riders, which was loaded with baggage, drawn by four sturdy broncos and followed by a number of obstinate little burros at present unincumbered with packs which would be used when they got further from civilization and the way was no longer practicable for anything on wheels.

Miss Enid Maitland was clad in a way that would have caused her father a stroke of apoplexy if he could have



been suddenly made aware of her dress, if she had burst into the drawing-room without announcement, for instance. Her skirt was distinctly short, she wore heavy hob-nail shoes that laced up to her knees, she had on a bright blue sweater, a kind of a cap known as a tam-o-shanter was pinned above her glorious hair, which was closely braided and wound around her head. She wore a silk handkerchief loosely tied around her neck, a knife and revolver hung at her belt, a little watch was strapped to one wrist, a handsomely braided quilt dangled from the other, a pair of spurs adorned her heels and most discomfiting fact of all, by her side rode a handsome and dashing cavalier.

How Mr. James Armstrong might have appeared in the conventional black and white of evening clothes was not quite clear to her, for she had as yet never beheld him in that obliterating raiment, but in the habit of the west, riding trousers, heavy boots that laced to the knees, blue shirt, his head covered by a noble "Stetson," mounted on the fiery restive broncho which he rode to perfection, he was ideal. Alas for the vanity of human proposition! Mr. James Armstrong, friend and protégé these many years of Mr. Robert Maitland, mine owner and cattle man on a much smaller scale than his older friend, was desperately in love with Enid Maitland, and Enid, swept off her feet by a wooing which began with precipitant ardor so soon as he laid eyes on her, was more profoundly moved by his suit, or pursuit, than she could have imagined.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico!

She had been wooed in the conventional fashion many times and oft on the sands of Palm Beach, along the cliffs of Newport, in the romantic glens of Mount Desert, in the old-fashioned drawing-room overlooking Rittenhouse Square. She had been proposed to in motor cars, on the decks of yachts and once even while riding to hounds, but there had been a touch of sameness about it all. Never had she been made love to with the heading galantry, with the dashing precipitation of the west. It had swept her from her moorings. She found almost before she was aware of it that her past experience now stood her in little stead. She awoke to a sudden realization of the fact that she was practically pledged to James Armstrong after an acquaintance of three weeks in Denver and on the ranch.

Business of the most important and critical nature demanded Armstrong's presence east at this juncture, and will-be-nill-be there was no way he could put off his departure longer. He had to leave the girl with an uneasy conscience that, though he had her half way promise, he had not half way won. He had snatched the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Mr. James Armstrong Was Desperately in Love With Enid Maitland.



SANDWICHES! What's tastier than Libby's Potted Ham

It's exceptional in flavor and doesn't cost a bit more than ordinary kinds.

At All Grocers Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

The germ of suspicion is often fatal to the microbe of love.

Important! It is that the blood be kept pure. Garfield Tea is big enough for the job.

The detective says his after thoughts are the best.

Noted Author.

"See that man over there with the black mustache?" said Tompy.

"Yes," said the visitor.

"Well," said Tompy, "he is the author of one of the most popular serials in a hundred years."

"Really?" said the visitor. "Why, he doesn't look like a literary man."

"No," said Tompy. "He isn't—he's the inventor of popped grits, the best selling cereal on the market."—Harper's Weekly.

Springs in Their Brains.

Two Frenchmen, in visiting an art gallery, stopped to admire a painting by an American. The artist happened to be in the gallery and in broken English one of the Frenchmen asked: "How did monsieur ever catch such a wonderful picture?"

"O," replied the artist, with a far-away look, "that painting was an off-spring of my brain."

The other Frenchman was greatly interested and asked his friend what that American had said.

"I can hardly explain," whispered the first Frenchman excitedly; "he said the picture was a fine spring off of his brain. He set any wonder at ze Americans act queerly when they have springs on their brains?"

Helped a Little.

At Dinard one summer there was a beautiful young countess, the wife of a millionaire, whose bathing dress was—well—

A couple of men about town were talking in shocked tones about the countess' bathing dress on the casino terrace.

"It's shocking; it's most improper," said the first.

"But," said the second, "I can't believe it's any worse than the dinner dress she wore at Mrs. Hughes-Hallett's ball last night."

"Oh, well," said the other, "she had her diamonds on then."—Rochester Evening Telegram.

A WELCOME ARRIVAL.



Mr. Collier Down—Intelligence has just reached me.

Mrs. Collier Down—Thank heavens, it has come at last.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

No Medicine So Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank."

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloated feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely."

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhoea, before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts food she is well, and says she don't think she could do without it."

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



"Your Day Has Passed, Steve," Returned the Younger Maitland.

FOUND OUT VALUE OF BLUFF

Indiana Man Discovered Way to Secure Attention During His Stay in Europe.

"Before going abroad last summer," said the Indiana man, "I thought I amounted to something, but after I had registered at a Paris hotel I was made to feel that they didn't even know where my state was situated. I registered under my own plain name, and was given the poorest

room in the house. The poorest waiter was assigned to my table. The clerks looked down on me, and the proprietor didn't care a copper whether I stayed or went.

"I felt hurt, and I was wondering why I was such small potatoes around there, when I looked over the register and found that of the 30 other Americans in the house every one had registered as 'Senator,' 'Judge' or 'General.' There was the cause so plain as the nose on my face. I was the only one without a title. I went up

to my room and rang for a porter to come and shift my trunk two feet. He was long in coming, and when he arrived he was surly and impatient.

"You squealed!" I roared at him as I took him by the collar and shook him; how dare you use impudence to me—to me!"

"But why not to you?" he asked.

"Because I am who I am. Because I am the man who is building the ocean subway between New York and Havre at an expense of three billion dollars! Now, then—now, then!"

"There was an instantaneous change in the fellow, and it spread all over the hotel in half an hour. I was asked by mine host to do him the favor to change into a princely suite, the head waiter took care of me in the dining room, and the other Americans had to stand back and see me served first in everything. I am going abroad again next summer, but I have learned the ropes, and the minute I land on the other side I am the man who loaned the government the money to build the Panama Canal and stand

ready to buy the old thing any day at 50 per cent above cost."

Customs Gates Lifted a Trifle.

Tourists returning to France from abroad and proceeding to points in the interior of the country are informed in a notice published by the French consulate-general at Geneva that they are allowed to take into France duty free enough tobacco, cigars and cigarettes to smoke on their journey, providing they declare them to the customs. The amount is

limited to ten cigars, twenty cigarettes and forty grams of tobacco.—Lo Temps.

Advertising Summed Up.

What is the object of advertising? To sell goods, isn't it? Let us keep one thing firmly in mind, that advertising is nothing more than salesmanship on paper—printed persuasion—the art of influencing public opinion so that people will prefer your goods to those of your competitor.—John B. Kennedy in Printers' Ink.